Two For Luck

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Two For Luck

by robindrake93

Summary

Percy sneaks into Luke's room on the Princess Andromeda.

Notes

Welcome to the fourteenth day of the lukercy birthday bash! The fourteenth prompt is: canon-divergence.

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Even though Percy Jackson was so exhausted it made him feel kind of sick, he forced himself to stay awake. Despite the softness of the bed and the emotional rollercoaster of today, Percy would not give in. He stayed awake even as Annabeth closed the connecting door and Tyson tinkered on the couch. Percy stared at the ceiling and thought of Luke in a suit, on a runway stage, looking hot and untouchable. He imagined how the photographers would flash their cameras, capturing that perfection forever, how the audience would scream their desire for him.

And then Tyson was asleep. He snored in his sleep.

Percy climbed out of bed and tiptoed to the connecting door. He opened it a crack, poked his head through.

The bedside lamp was on but set to its dimmest setting. It cast a soft warm glow in that corner of the room. Annabeth lay sprawled on the bed, her eyes closed and her shoes at the end like she barely managed to kick them off before passing out. Her curly blond hair was still in its ponytail. She drooled in her sleep.

Percy silently closed the door. He went to the door that led to the hallway and slipped out without putting his shoes on first. The hallway was as deserted as it had been earlier, which was how Percy liked it. For a moment he stood in his stocking feet, considering his options, trying to find some sign that would tell him which way to go.

Something about the right seemed more appealing than the left even though they looked identical. Percy went right. He came to a narrow flight of stairs and went up after a brief hesitation. The closer he got to his quarry, the more sure Percy was that he was going the correct way. Percy wound his way through hallways, up more stairs, until he finally came to a door that read: *admiral suite.*

Well, Percy did intend to do some admiring. He smiled briefly. Then he pushed the door open. It swung inward on silent hinges. Percy followed it in, moving as quietly as possible. It helped that the floor was plush carpet that his feet sank into with each step. He barely dared to breathe.

Laying on a massive bed was the object of Percy's hunt: Luke. He was shirtless, the satiny black comforter pushed down to his waist. As he got closer, Percy saw that Luke's curly blond hair had been cut so short you could barely tell that it was supposed to be curly or blond.

"Oh," Percy whispered, unable to hide his shock. He knelt on the edge of the bed then had to crawl to the center to get to Luke. Every time he moved, he winced, waiting for the shifting of weight to wake Luke.

Luke slept on peacefully.

When he was beside Luke, Percy knelt. He reached out a hand, gently ran it over the short bristles of Luke's hair. Did he want to cut it? Did Kronos make him cut it? There was no rule against cutting your hair - or anyone else's hair - at Camp Half-Blood, so Percy thought Kronos must have made Luke do it. His heart twisted. How could Luke think that Kronos was better? "I'll save you," Percy vowed softly and brushed his lips against Luke's.

Percy's kiss had the same waking effect that a prince's magical kiss had. Luke woke, blinking and looking bewildered up at Percy. "Percy?"

Caught! Oops. "No. You're dreaming, sweet Luke," Percy whispered. Then, because he couldn't resist, Percy stole one more kiss.

Luke's eyes slid closed and that was all the time Percy needed to make his escape. He jumped off the bed, landed lightly on the carpet, and ran from the room. On his way out, Percy grabbed the door handle and pulled on it with a furious yank only to stop it before it slammed into place and carefully, *carefully* closed the door.

Percy ran through the ship with light feet and a light heart, elation making him practically float back to his room. When he got to the room he shared with Tyson, Percy leapt into bed and burrowed under the covers. But the whole experience has left him quite hot and Percy threw them off. He rolled on the bed, hugging the pillows, pushing his face into them when the urge to scream got too strong.

Percy kissed Luke twice! And come dawn, he was going to save Luke. Just wait and see.

End Notes

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